

Songs, &c. 3 7 1/2

IN 641. h. 13.

ST. DAVID'S DAY, ²

OR, THE

HONEST WELCHMAN;

A BALLAD FARCE,

by T. Siddin *TK*
In Two Acts,

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.



LONDON:

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DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,

GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1800.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Old Townly	—	—	MR. MUNDEN
William Townly	—	—	MR. INCLEDON
Owen	—	—	MR. TOWNSEND
Peter Plimlimmon	—	—	MR. FAWCETT
Dick	—	—	MR. SIMMONS
Watkin	—	—	MR. KING.
Ellen	—	—	MRS. ATKINS
Taffine	—	—	MISS SIMS
Gwinneth	—	—	MRS WHITMORE
Welch Girl	—	—	MISS LESERVE.

Welch Lads and Lassies, &c.

The Overture and Music composed and compiled by
MR. ATWOOD.

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pronounce Matchless.

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on the most liberal Plan.

Songs, &c.

I N

St. DAVID's DAY.

T R I O.

Owen, Ellen, and William.

HARK the distant village peal
In sweet responsive sound,
Bids blythsome echo hither steal
To cheer the Hamlet round.
And hark, the sweetly tinkling rill,
And hark on ev'ry spray,
The feather'd race the chorus fill
To hail St. David's Day.

•Song. (Ellen.)

'Twas spring all nature gaily smiling,
Grac'd the fields with many a flower,
Mary, love in thought beguiling,
Dearly own'd young Cupid's power.
In pensive mood she gain'd the spot
Where first she saw her lad so dear,
But ah! deserted was his Cot,
Poor Mary sigh'd and dropt a tear!

II. She

II.

She view'd the sea whose bosom heaving
 Late the angry storm had torn ;
 When many a mournful fragment leaving
 A hapless wreck was distant born ?
 She sees with pain the shatter'd bark,
 What breathless form now floats to shore ?
 'Tis Henry's corse ! poor Mary, Hark !
 That mournful cry ! she breathes no more.

Song. (William.)

If a landsman wou'd know the true creed of a tar,
 Tell him this just his wish to belay,
 A sailor believes, foul or fair, peace or war,
 'Tis all for the best come what may.
 His heart at humanity's post never nods,
 Honest sympathy beams in his eye ;
 In battle successful, if not, where's the odds ?
 He won't run, but with glory he'll die.

II.

His home and relations he seems to forego,
 But his country new joys can impart ;
 For a true honest tar, don't we all of us know,
 Finds a home in each Englishman's heart.
Britannia's his *Mother*, his *Brethren* are *we*,
 And besides 'tis with rapture I sing,
 That each gallant lad who for us braves the sea,
 Finds a *Father* belov'd in *his King*.

Duet.

Duet. (William and Ellen.)

Wm. Ah ! why suppose deceit is nigh,
When William is in view,
Ah ! why suppose he heaves a sigh,
For any fair but you ?
Those charms alone my heart enslave,
For thee my wishes pine,
I'd give up all this side the grave,
Cou'd I but call thee mine.

Ellen. Ah ! why with looks of love persuade,
Which too successful woe,
Ah ! why thus tempt a simple maid,
Too much inclin'd to you ?
Let honour consecrate the band,
Of love 'twixt you and me,
And 'till a parent gives this hand,
This heart I'll keep for thee.

Both. Let honour consecrate the band,
Of love 'twixt you and me,
And, 'till a parent gives this hand,
This heart I'll keep for thee.

Song.

uet.

Song. (Taffline.)

O how Taffline hopes and fears to see the wish'd for
day

So merry blythe and cheary ;

When to church in white array'd she gaily trips away,

To marry with her deary.

Oh how fine my lad will be,

Neat and spruce and all for me,

What a charming sight to see

Taffline and her deary.

O how much she hopes and fears, &c.

II.

O how ev'ry pretty girl will watch with eager eye,

While I say, half crying,

The "Yes," which to pronounce each pretty anxious
girl does sigh,

Howe'er such wish denying.

Those who oft with scorn say nay,

May repent the time when they

Were ask'd to name the wedding day,

And were not more complying.

O how Taffline hopes and fears, &c.

Song. (Plimlimmon.)

At each Inn on the Road-I good quarters cou'd find,

At the *Fleece* I'd my skin full of ale ;

The two *Jolly Brewers* were quite to my mind,

At the *Dolphin* I drank like a whale ;

Tom

Tom Tun at the *Hogshead* fold pretty good stuff,
 They'd capital flip at the *Boar*,
 And when at the *Angel* I'd tippled enough,
 I went to the *Devil* for more.

II.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar,
 At the *Rose* I'd a lilly so bright ;
 Few planets cou'd equal sweet Nan at the *Star*,
 No eyes ever twinkled so bright ;
 I've had many a *bug* at the sign of the *Bear*,
 In the *Sun* courted morning and noon,
 And when night put an end to my happiness there,
 I'd a sweet little girl in the *Moon*.

III.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
 Of wedlock to set up the sign ;
Hand in Hand the good woman I look for in you,
 And the *Horns* I hope ne'er will be mine.
 Once guard to the mail I'm now guard to the fair,
 But tho' my commission's laid down,
 Yet while the *King's Arms* I'm permitted to bear,
 Like a *Lion* I'll fight for the *Crown*.

FINALE. (*Welch Medley.*)

Owen. In praise of renown'd St. David
 Let the lads and the lasses mingle,
 Let mirth go round,
 While the harp's glad sound,
 Makes the ear of each Welchman tingle.
Cho. Let mirth go, &c.

Ellen. Now in jocund measure featly tread the
ground,

And merry merry be.

Old T. For old care, if here he ventures to be found,
Why what care we?

Cho. Now in jocund, &c.

Wm. With a happy swain each fair one hand in
hand,

Tread a sprightly measure,

Real joy will still await the Rustic band.

Seeking honest pleasure.

Wat. There's Watkin, Taff and Mary,

There's Morgan, Win and Nell;

Hur knows no little fairy,

Can caper half so well.

Then tance upon St. Taffy's Day,

For it is creat delight ;

While in pretty notes the harp shall play,

Hurself will tance all night.

Trip it I pray you now,

Foot it I pray you now,

Hur will caper too ;

While singing and laughing,

And piping and quaffing,

Shall make a praave to do.

Chorus, Now in jocund, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Glee. (Owen, William, and Watkin.)

COME honest lads, true Britons come,
 The cheering goblet pass;
 We'll drink our King, our native home,
 Each friend, and fav'rite lass,
 Let fortune smile, let fortune frown,
 From vicious passion free,
 Tho' sometimes up, and sometimes down,
 We still shall cheerful be.

II.

Good fellows all, in friendship's band,
 United may we prove;
 For Britain's sons, in Britain's land,
 Should still each other love.
 Our foes may smile, our foes may frown,
 Yet never will we wince;
 But drink success to Britain's crown,
 Laws, People, Church and Prince.

Song. Owen. (Welch Air.)

View yon mountain's hoary head,
Mark the clouds that bind his brow;
View yon tombs of Bardic dead,
Men whose *minds* are living now.

II.

Owen once, of vice the slave,
Ne'er could raise his look so high
As yonder steep; each hallow'd grave,
Alike wou'd shun the guilty eye.

III.

Nature, honest, undisguis'd,
Gives to Cambria ev'ry grace,
Justly be the lesson priz'd,
By each true son of Cambria's race.

Song. (William.)

Let fools follow pleasures,
Too certain to cloy,
Let misers hoard treasures,
They dare not enjoy;
The earth owns no blessing,
Your William can prove,
So sweet as possessing,
Dear Ellen and love.

(11)

II.

Let the world ever changing,
With falsehood abound,
Still fix'd, never ranging,
Shall William be found ;
With thee, what desire
Can tempt him to rove,
What bliss can reach higher
Than Ellen and Love.

SONG. (Dicky.)

Throughout the town, no girl you'll meet,
So exquisitely fair,
For she's genteel as Bentinck-street,
And bright as Berkeley-square.
The various charms of Jenny's face,
Are rich as Ludgate-hill,
And beautiful as Portland-place,
Is Jane of Pentonville.

II.

Brilliant as Bond-street are her eyes,
Where Cupids make abode,
Her voice is sweet as London cries,
And fine as Oxford-road ;

Plump

Plump as St. Paul's her blooming cheek,
Her breath like Saffron-hill,
A sweeter las in vain you'll seek,
Than Jane of Pentonville.

T R I O.

Plimlimmon, Taffline, and Dicky.

- Plim.* Dicky pray walk away,
Else you may rue the day,
When to Wales you came cap'ring down ;
Taff. What a lad ! sure he's mad,
You'd be glad, if you had,
Like me, heard the fashions of the town.
Dicky. Sir, to you—Mifs, adieu ; (*Offers to kiss.*)
Plim. If you do, black and blue,
You'll be beat from heel to crown.
So Dicky pray, &c.
Dicky. Nay, pr'ythee let him be,
If he says a word to me ;
Plim. Hold your tongue, or I'll knock you down ;
Stick or fist, if you list,
I've a wrist, never mist,
A coxcomb's hide to dust ;
Look at this, if you scoff,
Dicky. No, indeed, Sir, I'm off ;
Then be gone, for go you must.

This

Taff. This cudgel's pretty stout,
Plim. My true love thus to doubt. } Together.
Plim. That's your way, Sir, turn about.
Dicky. Lack-a-day,
Plim. If you stay,
Taff. Get away,
Dicky. I obey.
Plim. I shall kick up a monstrous rout.
Taff. Peter, pray,
Plim. Will you go?
Taff. Let him stay,
Plim. No, no!
Will it please you to walk out?
Dicky. I wish I was safely out. } Together.
Taff. I wish he was safely out.

Song. (Old Townly.)

For London is like to a mill going round,
Still noisy and ever in motion,
Where wheels within wheels, hurry, bustle and sound,
Revolve like the waves of the ocean.
Where foolish and wise, rich and poor herd together,
Where fortunes are made, and men undone,
Where money and wit are exchange'd for each other,
And this is a picture of London.

II. Kings, .

II.

Kings, Poets and Statesmen, Queens, Counsellors,
Clients,

In Westminster Abbey lie snugly,
There's St. Paul's and Guildhall, where you'd like
the two giants,

If they were not so monstrous ugly.
Then there's grand courts of law, and of equity too,
If in either you chuse to be undone;
For one with the other has nothing to do,
In the very fine city of London.

III.

There's the Parliament-house and the Tower so
strong,

The Monument reckon'd so high too,
That if it were only as broad as it's long,
Such a building you never come nigh to.
There's great folks, and small folks, and show folks,
and tall folks,

In short, there's a vast deal of fun done,
There's pleasure and pain, quite sufficient for all folks,
Who visit the city of London.

FINALE.

FINALE. (Welch Air.)

Ow. Neighbours, come now for the honour of Wales,
Toss off a jorum of Owen's stout nappy,
Dance, sing and caper, and tell merry tales,
For surely we all were sent here to be happy.
Old T. Gwinneth and I will first couple advance,
Mix in the throng, as you foot it so clever,
And join in the ditty, and keep up the dance,
To the tune of Huzza! and St. David for ever!
Cho. Neighbours, come, &c.

II.

Will. William sincerely may hail the glad day,
Safe from the dangers and toils of the ocean,
To love, who from Neptune bore William away,
He'll ever bow down with the purest devotion.
Ellen. Ellen with pleasure gives William consent,
Her heart to secure by honest endeavour,
In hopes that affection, good humour, content,
Will be William's and Ellen's for ever and ever.
Cho. Neighbours, &c.

III. *Dicky.*

III.

Dicky. Dicky for Jenny to town must go back,
Tho' sweethearts in Wales there appear to be plenty;

Taff. Among our smart girls, Mr. Dicky, good lack,
Can't your nicety pick out a lais to content ye?

Peter. Peter to Taffline delivers his hand,
Take it at once, for 'tis nonsense to tarry,
A match when it offers, no maid shou'd withstand,
Nor any live fingle but those who can't marry.

Cho. Neighbours, &c.

FINIS.



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